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addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid*.

The following song was written for the late Bridge-
water Cathe [sic] show, by B. Brown, Esq. of Boston, and
sung with great effect.

THE PLOUGH.

When I dam with his blooming rib,
By the heath of Heaven,
From Paradise, his native home,
All sorrowing was driven,
The curse primeval, though so hard,
A blessing was, I crow,
That she should nurse her little babes,
While he should guide the plough.

So our great ancestor became,
A farmer of the soil,
And millions of his children too,
And sharers in the toil.
We clear and beautify the fields;
We drain the miry slough;
We wield the sickle and the flail,
And guide the sturdy plough.

Of all the stations here on earth,
The farmer ranks the first,
Though some may reckon him debased,
For toiling in the dust.
'Tis nature's calling he pursues,
As with a sweaty brow,
He turns the soil all upside-down,
And guides the sturdy plough.

When Spring in all its merriment
O'erseeps the fields with green,
And mought, save notes of joy is heard,
And mought but smiles are seen;
The farmer turns his village lands,
And who's so happy now.
As he, while, whistling to his team,
He guides the shining plough.

Domestic joy full well he knows,
And it may hap, a care;
For none must think to be exempt
From common lot and share,
His wife, she deems it her concern
To milt the bony cow,
And cheer her ruddy husband, as
He guides the sturdy plough.

For love of wealth, some get ensnared
In speculation's toils;
And others, when disasters come,
Are scrambling for the spoils;
Still too the prudent farmer pay
To industry his vow,
Nor heeds the struggle nor the strife,
But steady guides the plough.

Good rule and order he maintains;
He lives in peace with all;
And, to defend his country's rights,
He's ready for the call.
Now, to be ever thus content,
Say, wights, would you know how?
'Tis but to mind your own affairs,
And steady guide the plough.

From the Boston Statesman.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR OCT.—No. 1.

We proceed to give our readers a taste both
of the seasoned and solid courses spread before
them in this first number of the *National Peri-
odical*, to which we called their attention last
week.

The 12th article provides a *bonny bouche* for
readers of all parties. It is graphic—it is dra-
matic—it is impartially pungent. It is entitled
"Glances at Congress," and after some prelimi-
nary remarks on the Proclamation which con-
vened the extra session—and a description of
the Representatives' Hall,—the pillars of which,
according to John Randolph, look like "huge
Bologna sausages, dipped at the ends in salt,"—
our "Reporter" plunges into the midst of salt.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms is whispering, near
yonder green door, to a stranger who has found
his way upon the floor without permission.—
The uninvited makes his blushing bow to the
polite official, and disappears. The portly clerk
is busy at his desk; and that stentorian voice,
which so often stuns my ear like the discharge
of a regiment of rifles, is now happily silent.

The vigilant Speaker looks grave, anxious and
thin, his dark eye ever on the *qui vive*, his head
bent forward as usual. But hear—"Mr. Speaker!"—
and a young man has caught his eye. It is Henry A. Wise, from Accomac, Va.

—where his personal popularity is unbounded,
—perhaps not so much. He dresses like an old
man, though his general appearance is very
youthful. He is very slovenly in his apparel,
his coat hanging like millers bag on his shoul-
ders. His lace, I said, is pale, and his white
cravat adds to its appearance of livid pallor;

but he has a dark and brilliant eye, which
seems sometimes to flash almost unearthly rays
of light over his whole countenance. His hair
is light, and always in a disordered state. All
his predominant characteristics are brought out
with great rapidity—firmness, impetuosity, a
distain for honeyed words, fierce sarcasm—
and invective, all gather into a hurricane and
stir the drowsy members from the lounges, and
wake up the reporters. His forte lies in
invective; then he becomes, to those whose

party sympathies follow his own excited train of
feeling, thrilling: his pale and excited face, his
firm and compact head thrown back, his small
bony hand clenched in the air, or with a fore-
finger quivering, as if all the passion of the ora-
tor was concentrated there, his eyes brilliant
and fixed, his voice high, yet sonorous, impress-
ing a picture too vivid to be easily erased from the
mind. A stranger of his own party, on coming
into the Hall for the first time, at such a mo-
ment, compared his appearance to that of a
corps galvanized. But Mr. Wise's best talents
are rendered all but useless by his intemperance
of manner, and a certain unsoundness and obli-
quity of judgment almost akin to monomania.
The idea has seized upon an energetic but un-
balanced mind, whose genius is unleavened by
a grain of common sense, that the Administra-
tion is a perfect augean stable, and that he is
the Hercules who is to sweep away its accumu-
lated corruptions. Mr. W. exerts no moral
force in Congress; and his most violent tirades
are often scarcely deemed worthy a reply."

"Near to Mr. Wise sits a gentleman with an
unhealthy complexion, and rather singular face
—one of the most remarkable men of the body.
His hair, brushed back from his forehead, is
long and curly; his eye is keen, stern and in-
telligent; he generally dresses well, and his
usual companion is a heavy ivy-headed cane.
He appears to be a nervous man,—one of those
men of deep but quiet enthusiasm who never
fail to make themselves both marked and felt,
which they put forth the slumbering powers
within them. This gentleman is Eli Moore, of
the city of New York. He was formerly a
journeyman printer; but possessing talents and
ambition, and an enthusiasm in a cause which
can never fail to draw forth the sympathies and
support of the mass of our people, he soon raised
himself over the shoulders of other aspirants,
and won a seat in Congress. Last winter Mr.
Moore made his debut."

Here our Reporter proceeds to give an ac-
count of the reply made by Mr. Moore to the
attack of Gen. Waddy Thompson upon the
Trades Unionists and Mechanics of the North.
The description concludes as follows:—

"The whole House was excited at the nov-
elty and boldness of his democratic doctrines.
I overheard some gentlemen from the South
say, that they thought they heard the high priest
of the revolution singing his war song. A bevy
of members had gradually collected immediate-
ly behind the orator, whose voice still rang loud
in the Hall in the midst of an impassioned pas-
sage. My eye was fixed upon him; I saw him
grow paler than ever, till a deadly hue swept
over his face; his hands were arrested in the
air—he grasped at emptiness—a corpse seemed
to stand with outstretched hands before the agi-
tated crowd—his eyes were closed—he tottered,
and, amid the rush and exclamations of the
House, fell back insensible into the arms of one
of his friends. Mr. Moore was borne from the
Hall. His wife had been watching him with
emotions that may be imagined from the gul-
ley. The scene had been worked up into a
catastrophe, and never before had I seen the
House so agitated as on this occasion."

The Reporter next presents us with a highly
flattering picture of Mr. Caleb Cushing, too
long to copy, and far too highly colored to suit
the tastes of those in this quarter who know the
original better than his eulogist. Indeed we
suspect there is a sly vein of irony running
through the whole;—take, for instance this para-
graph:—

"He is evidently a very ambitious young man
but his ambition is of a high and honorable
character;—and though the discovery did not
fail to be made, in his very early youth; and
embodied in a happy epigram, by a Lady of his
native town, Newburyport, (not the least eminent
among the lady poets of our day,) that his
name rhymed most harmoniously with "push-
ing." I have no fear that Mr. Cushing will

ever use any other than means worthy of his
high character to "push" himself to those dis-
tinctions which would be the certain meed of
his abilities, if his politics were of a more popu-
lar cast."

The Reporter's most powerful description is
that of John Quincy Adams. We have room
only, as in the preceding extracts, for a few
scattered passages.

"Our attention is now attracted to ray of
light that glitters on the apex of a bold and no-
ble head, "located" on the lotus of the House, in
the neighborhood of the Speaker's Chair. It
proceeds from that wonderful man who in his
person combines the agitator, poet, philosopher,
statesman, critic and orator—John Quincy Ad-
ams. There he sits, hour after hour, day after
day, with unfiring patience, never absent from
his seat, never voting for an adjournment, vigil-
ant as the most jealous member of the House,
his ear ever on the alert, always prepared to go
into the profoundest questions of state, or the
minutest points of order. We look at him and
mark his cold and *tearful* eye, his stern and ab-
stracted gaze, and conjure up phantoms of other
scenes. We look upon a more than King, who
has filled every department in his native land,
still at his post; he who was the President of
Millions, now the representative of forty odd
thousand, quarrelling about trifles or advocating
high principles; to day growling and sneering
at the House with an abolition petition in his
"Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!"

CROPS OF THE PAST SEASON.

As the harvest is now over, it may not be
unprofitable to look back and see what have
been the results of the season, and of the labors

of the farmer. The first part of the season,
indeed the whole of it, has been what may
be called a cold one. We have had a few sul-
try days; but the nights have been uncom-
monly cold; indeed we have not had a half of
a dozen during the whole of the summer past that
might be called real "corn nights." Notwith-
standing this, with the exception of grass—
every thing planted, in this vicinity, at least,—
grew, or threw out tops to an uncommon degree.

The corn—the potatoes—the wheat, and the
oats—in fact, almost every thing cultivated,
pushed out stem and leaf astonishingly.

The grass, or hay crop has been light. We
should think, taking the State throughout, that
not so much hay was cut as there was last year.

The abundance of straw and roots will supply
the deficiency in a great degree. Indian corn
has not amounted to much. Occasionally a
field upon burnt land, or upon warm early soils
has done well. There is more raised than
there was last year; but that is not worth brag-
ging about. Wheat has done wonderfully well,
with the exception of a section of country—say
15 or 20 miles around Augusta, in which the
grain worm has done much mischief—there
were never such crops of wheat before. The
straw has been large and the kernel uncommonly
well filled and sound. It has been estimated
by those who have had an opportunity to
know, that Maine has this year rendered her-
self independent in regard to bread-stuff.—

Should this be the case, it is a proud day for
her; and she may well exult in the results of
her labor. May she now continue to look steadily
to her best interests, and march forward to
the high station which she may take if she will.

Oats are exceedingly well grown and abundant.
Barley has done uncommonly well, although
not a great quantity was sowed; our farmers
not having been in the habit of cultivating
this crop in any considerable quantities.—
Rye has produced well, both winter and spring
crops. Not so much of this grain is grown in
Maine as there might be and ought to be.

Buckwheat—not much of this crop is culti-
vated among us. It has done well, however.

Potatoes have yielded a far better crop than
was anticipated at one period. They are of
good size and excellent in quality—never better,
and as a greater quantity was cultivated last
summer than usual, the supply is abundant.

Oil Ruta Buga there is a great yield.

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DEMOCRACY.

The following beautiful extract is the con-
clusion of a speech of the Hon. Wm. ALLEN,
senator in congress from Ohio, delivered at a
late festival in that state:

"Democracy is a sentiment not to be appalled,
corrupted or compromised. It knows no base-
ness; it cowers to no danger; it oppresses no
weakness. Fearless, generous, and humane, it
rebukes the arrogant, cherishes honor, and
sympathizes with the humble. It asks nothing
but what it concedes; it concedes nothing but
what it demands. Destructive only of despoi-
lism, it is the sole conservative of liberty, labor
and property. It is the sentiment of freedom
of equal obligation. It is the law of nature
prevailing this law of the land. The stupid,
the selfish, and the base in spirit may denounce
it as a vulgar thing; but in the history of our
race, the democratic principle has developed
and illustrated the highest moral and intellectual
atributes of our nature. Yes! that is a noble,
magnanimous, a sublime sentiment, which ex-
pands our affections, enlarges the circle of our
sympathies and elevates the soul of man, until
claiming an equality with the best, he rejects as
unworthy his dignity, any political immunities
over the humblest of his fellows. Yes! it is an
ennobling principle—and may that spirit which
animated our fathers, in the revolutionary con-
test for its establishment continue to animate us;
their sons, to the impending struggle for its
preservation."

N. YORK ELECTION. At the late election
in the State of New York, it is satisfactorily
ascertained that the Federalists have carried a
large majority of the Assembly. There is no
election of Governor this year and but one fourth
part of the Senate are elected each year; that
branch of the Legislature therefore, and the
Governor remain in the hands of the Demo-
cracy.

This result so inauspicious and to many so
unexpected, will very naturally be a subject of
great congratulation among our opponents, and
we may expect to be saluted for some weeks
with the noisy shouts of triumph from that

quarter. Indeed those doleful croakers at the
distress and poverty of the times, in our own
immediate neighborhood, have already amused
themselves and us, with the merry sound of the
cannon. Uninfluenced by these innocent and
harmless evidences of triumph, we shall proceed
to state very briefly what we believe will be the
cause of the late untoward campaign in N. York.

One cause was the too great confidence of
our friends, inspired by the known attachment
of the people of that State to Mr. VAN BUREN
and his long tried and overwhelming popularity.
Trusting to this our friends have relaxed some-
thing of their activity and a great deal of their
discipline, suffering themselves to be divided
and to be defeated in many counties merely by
running two tickets. Another cause was the
temporary embarrassment occasioned by the
withdrawal of a portion of the party headed by Senator Fillmore and styling them-
selves Conservatives. This portion of the party
consists, in the main, of the worst and most cor-
rupt members, and their secession will in the
end contribute to its permanent prosperity. But
for the moment its effect has been disastrous,
and was greatly increased by the fact that down
to the very last moment they concealed their
treacherous design, by deceptive protestations
of their continued attachment to the Administra-
tion. Now at length exposed and detected,
they have lost their principal power of doing
mischievous and must soon suffer the inevitable fate
of political treachery and profligacy. A third
cause was the unparalleled zeal of the Federal-
ists, goaded to madness by the decisive rejec-
tion by Congress of their favorite scheme of a
national Bank and inspired by the distresses of
the times, mainly of their own creation, to make
a grand and final push for political power.

And what has been the result of these com-
bined causes? The temporary ascendancy of
Federal principles in one branch of the Govern-
ment of New York. There is nothing in that
result to shake our confidence in the permanent
attachment of that State to the Republican cause.
Its Democracy for the eminent checked, are not
defeated nor defeated. Purged of rotten and
corrupt members, strong in the possession of
principles of intrinsic justice and popularity,
and rallying under the banner of a man who can at this
moment command a majority of thirty thousand
against any competitor, they will take the field
at the next election under the favoring influ-
ence of returning prosperity and they will infallible

triumph.

Our friends in this State, fresh from a partial
defeat, similar in some of its causes to that suf-
fered in N. York, will appreciate the forces of
the suggestions we have made, and will not be
discouraged either by the one or the other. They will see abundant proofs of the popularity
of the Administration, in its triumphs in Pennsyl-
vania, Maryland, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia,
Arkansas and Vermont, and in the immense ac-
cessions to its support throughout the whole
South. But above all, confounding in the wisdom
of its policy and in the intelligence of the peo-
ple, they will not suffer themselves to be dis-
mayed or disheartened by temporary and local
reverses.—The Age.

DEATH OF MR. LOVEJOY.

The Mayor of Alton has published an account of the recent riot there, from which it appears that the abolitionists were the first to resort to fire arms, and that at the first discharge one of them killed a Mr. Bishop. The Cincinnati Whig says the first gun was fired by Lovejoy himself. After stating some preliminary circumstances the Mayor says:—

"About ten o'clock at night, 20 or 30 persons appeared at the south end of the warehouse, and gave some indications of an attack. Mr. W. S. Gilman, from the third story of the warehouse addressed those without, and urged them to desist, and at the same time informed them that the persons in the warehouse were prepared, and should endeavor, to protect their property, and that serious consequences might ensue. Those without demanded the press, and said they would not be satisfied until it was destroyed; said they did not wish to injure any person, or other property, but insisted on having the press. To which Mr. G. replied that the press could not be given up. The persons outside then repaired to the north end of the building, and attacked the building by throwing stones, &c., and continued their violence for 15 or 20 minutes, when a gun was fired from one of the windows of the warehouse, and a man named Lyman Bishop was mortally wounded. He was carried to a surgeon's office, and the mob withdrew and dispersed, with the exception of a small number. Upon the first indication of disturbance I called on the civil authorities most convenient, and repaired with all despatch to the scene of action. By this time the firing from the warehouse and the consequent death of one of their number, [Bishop died soon after he had received the shot,] had greatly increased the excitement, and added to the numbers of the mob. Owing to the late hour of night, but few citizens were present at the onset, except those engaged in the contest. Consequently the civil authorities could do but little towards dispersing the mob, except by persuasion. A large number of people soon collected around me. I was requested to go the warehouse, and state to those within that those outside had resolved to destroy the press, and that they would not desist until they had accomplished their object; that all would retire until I should return, which request was made by acclamation, and all soon retired to await my return.

I was replied to by those within the warehouse that they had assembled there to protect their property against lawless violence, and that they were determined to do so. The mob began again to assemble with increased numbers, and with guns and weapons of different kinds. I addressed the multitude and commanded them to desist and to disperse, to which they listened attentively and respectfully, but to no purpose—a rush was now made to the warehouse, with the cry of "fire the house," "burn them out," &c. The firing soon became fearful and dangerous between the contending parties—so much so that the farther interposition on the part of the civil authorities and citizens was believed altogether inadequate and hazardous in the extreme—no means were at my control, or that of any other officer present, by which the mob could be dispersed and the loss of life and the shedding of blood prevented. Scenes of the most daring recklessness and insatiable madness followed in quick succession. The building was surrounded, and the inmates were threatened with extermination and death in its most frightful form imaginable. Every means of escape by flight was cut off. The scene now became one of the most appalling and heart rending interest. Fifteen or twenty citizens, among whom were some of our most worthy and enterprising, were apparently doomed to an inevitable and inevitable death if the flames continued.

About the time the fire was communicated to the building, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, (late editor of the *Observer*) received four balls in his breast, near the door of the warehouse, and fell a corpse in a few seconds; two others from the warehouse were wounded. Several persons engaged in the attack were severely wounded; the wounds, however, are not considered dangerous. The contest had been raging for an hour or more, when the persons in the warehouse, by some means, the exact manner it was done I have not been able to ascertain, intimated that they would abandon the house and press, provided they were permitted to depart unmolested. The doors were thrown open, and those within retreated down Front street. Several guns were fired upon them while retreating, and one individual had a narrow escape—a ball passed through his coat near his shoulder.

A large number of persons now rushed into the warehouse, threw the press upon the wharf, where it was broken in pieces and thrown into the river. The fire in the roof of the warehouse was extinguished by a spectator, who deserves great praise for his courageous interference, and but little damage was done by it to the building. No disposition seemed to be manifested to destroy any other property in the warehouse. Without further attempts at violence the mob now dispersed, and no further open indications of disorder or violence have been manifested.

The Cincinnati Whig states in addition that—

"While one of the multitude was ascending a ladder placed against the side of the building, Lovejoy, and one of his friends, made their appearance at the door, and fired at the man on the ladder. At this moment some one of the crowd fired upon Lovejoy, who immediately fell, having four buckshot lodged in his breast."

FARMERS! LOOK OUT!

We learn that the New York Flour Specula-

tors have sent their agents into this State to buy up the wheat preparatory to another villainous speculation in bread stuffs, and that those agents are traversing the Eastern section of the State for that purpose. One cargo of wheat, we are informed, has already been shipped from Bangor. Should the speculators be successful, there can be little doubt that the price of flour will be as high as it was last winter. Let the farmers beware of these speculators, who intend to buy up wheat cheap, and sell it dear. We advise the farmers not to sell to these travelling speculators of famine, but to hold on to their wheat—they will be sure to realize the worth of it, and even more than the speculators can afford to give, for they will not buy expect at such rates as will enable them to pay the expenses of their agents, and to realize immense profits into the bargain. Do not sell, and said they would not be satisfied until it was destroyed; said they did not wish to injure any person, or other property, but insisted on having the press. To which Mr. G. replied that the press could not be given up. The persons outside then repaired to the north end of the building, and attacked the building by throwing stones, &c., and continued their violence for 15 or 20 minutes, when a gun was fired from one of the windows of the warehouse, and a man named Lyman Bishop was mortally wounded. He was carried to a surgeon's office, and the mob withdrew and dispersed, with the exception of a small number. I addressed the multitude and commanded them to desist and to disperse, to which they listened attentively and respectfully, but to no purpose—a rush was now made to the warehouse, with the cry of "fire the house," "burn them out," &c. The firing soon became fearful and dangerous between the contending parties—so much so that the farther interposition on the part of the civil authorities and citizens was believed altogether inadequate and hazardous in the extreme—no means were at my control, or that of any other officer present, by which the mob could be dispersed and the loss of life and the shedding of blood prevented. Scenes of the most daring recklessness and insatiable madness followed in quick succession. The building was surrounded, and the inmates were threatened with extermination and death in its most frightful form imaginable. Every means of escape by flight was cut off. The scene now became one of the most appalling and heart rending interest. Fifteen or twenty citizens, among whom were some of our most worthy and enterprising, were apparently doomed to an inevitable and inevitable death if the flames continued.

We tremble when we think of the aggregate of suffering which these speculators, if successful, will bring on the community. We trust that no citizen of Maine will be so lost to all sense of propriety as to become their agent—but if any do, and we can ascertain the fact, amid the sufferings which their success will generate, we will point the starving poor to the man through whose instrumentality their children are forced to go to bed hungry.—*Eastern Argus*.

From the *Saco Democrat*.

PRICES OF BREAD STUFFS.

We could hope that the desire for speculating so generally prevalent, might find ample means for exercise, without interfering with the staff of life. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that this State is at present infested with a band of eager speculators, who are purchasing every bushel of grain they can get, for the purposes of exportation, and notwithstanding the large quantity of grain raised the past season, the price of flour is not only kept high, but is actually increasing. From the best information we can gather, it appears that these agents are employed by companies of capitalists whose motto is to get the bread stuffs of the country in a few hands, and, by this means, control the market and regulate the price to suit themselves. Is not this a monopoly of the most odious and execrable character? The fruits of the untiring industry of the farmer, upon which the community depend for sustenance, are wrested from him, at a low rate, by the selfish and calculating, and are disposed of to the people at such exorbitant prices as their grasping spirits may dictate. The *Maine Pilot* has the following opposite remarks upon this subject:—

"Prices of Bread Stuffs." There was a hope, inferred from the abundant harvests of the past season, that the prices of bread stuffs would fall this autumn, so that the poor could be supplied, but things do not look like it now. How it should be, that amidst an abundance of subsistence, when too, money is so very scarce, such high prices should be sustained, is a mystery which we do not profess to be able to solve, unless it be on the supposition that the speculators are adroitly at work to monopolize the market. We have heard something of the kind. It is said there are speculators now abroad in the different counties of our State, buying up the wheat at a great rate. This is done to secure large profits to themselves at the expense of consumers. If so they ought to be exposed.

New Emission.—Counterfeit Bills of the denomination of two dollars on the Eagle Bank, Boston, are in circulation. Letter A, dated March 16th 1836, signed John J. Fiske, Cashier, Tressel Wells, President, and payable to P. Hambleton, Plate, Perkin's stereotype, paper light color and rather coarse. Impression blurred and irregular. Signatures, a good imitation.—*Boston Gazette*.

Shipwreck and Loss of Lives.—Capt. Humphrey, of the brig *Trim*, of Portland, which arrived yesterday, has brought in Capt. Warren Chase, Jr. late master and only survivor of the crew of the schooner *Content*, of Dennis. Capt. Chase states that he sailed from Saco on the afternoon of the 13th inst. with a cargo of boards, bound to Providence, R. I. having on board besides himself, Daniel B. Chase, brother of the captain, of Dennis, aged 20, Mate—John Dorey, of North Providence, aged about 20—George Raymond, of New Bedford, aged 16—and Gilbert Sawyer, of Saco, passenger, aged about 30 years. That on the morning of the 14th inst. judging Cape Cod to bear west 10 or 12 miles distant, he hove the vessel to under a double-reefed foresail, with her head to the south eastward—at that time the wind was blowing very heavy from E. N. E. accompanied with hail and snow.

Shortly afterwards the vessel sprung a leak, when he commenced leaving off the deck load. After heaving it off down to the gunwale, he found the water increasing, and set all hands to pumping and bailing. At 8 P. M. the water being two feet above the cabin floor, found it impossible to save the vessel—and at 12, midnight, the vessel capsized, and in a few minutes the masts went by the board, and the remaining part of the deck load washed off—when she righted, the sea making a breach over her. At the time she went over, all excepting the captain were down below. Daniel B. Chase made a spring up the companion way; the others below cut the lashings of the dead-light,

and got out of the cabin windows. Capt. Chase seeing them endeavoring to swim to get hold of the vessel, with difficulty succeeded in getting hold of John Dorey, and hauled him on board; but the others not getting near enough for him to reach them, were drowned. At 8 A. M. the 15th, Daniel B. Chase died, through fatigue, and from having been exposed to the constant breaking of the sea, and extreme coldness of the weather. At 9 A. M. of the same day, J. Dorey died, leaving Capt. Chase the only one remaining.

On Thursday, the 16th inst. at 5 P. M. *Chatham* bearing WNW, 43 miles, was fallen in with, by the ship *Macedonia*, Capt. Minor, speculators to afford to give, for they will not buy expect at such rates as will enable them to pay the expenses of their agents, and to realize a morsel of food during the time, they had a bushel of wheat short of two dollars, hard currency. Maine has, the present season, raised bread stuffs enough for her own consumption—let us keep them to ourselves, and not by parting with them now, subject ourselves to the necessity of buying an inferior article, late in the season, at a greatly advanced price.

CONVENTION OF MEN OF BUSINESS. A general convention of business men was held in Philadelphia on the 15th inst. Numerous resolutions were adopted—among them, one provided for the appointment of a committee to prepare and publish an address to the citizens of the United States in relation to the objects of the convention—and the following:—

"Resolved, That the convention recommend to the Congress of the United States to discontinue the sale of public lands—to have the same surveyed and laid off in lots of about forty or fifty acres each—and that one such lot be given to each person who shall cultivate it and make permanent settlement thereon.

That all persons who shall take up their residence on such lots, on entering their intentions at the nearest land office, shall be entitled to a certificate of such entry; and at the expiration of five years from that time, shall receive a deed of such lot, provided they shall have continued to reside on and cultivate the same during that period.

Aliens, who may desire to become citizens of the United States, may take possession of and enter lots as aforesaid—and on receiving deeds of their lots at the expiration of five years, may become citizens of the United States, on making the usual declarations.

The heirs of such persons as may die before the expiration of their respective terms shall be entitled to all the rights of the persons whom they represent.

From the *Eastern Argus*.

"It is a fact, now for the first time made public, in the second volume of Davis's *Life of Burr*, that Jefferson's first election to the office of President of the United States, was compassed by a FRAUD OF HIS OWN COMMISSION, in the canvassing of the votes of the States, before the two Houses of Congress. But for this fraud, neither Jefferson nor Burr, but Charles Cotesworth Pickney, would have been elected.—*V. Com.*"

It will take more than the simple *ipse dixit* of Burr's Biographer, endorsed by the editor of the *Commercial*, to convince us that this 'FACT' is not a *federal fact*, i. e., a *federal slander*.—It is so completely of a piece with the usual federal slang in relation to Mr. Jefferson, that it occasions no surprise, particularly as it appears in a paper which has but recently denounced the late *NATHANIEL MASON*, as a demagogue and Jacobin! We believe that Mr. Jefferson was as pure a patriot as ever breathed, and the American citizen who would calumniate, as the *Commercial* does, the author of the Declaration of Independence, would do almost any act to compass party ends, which might be required by the most abandoned member of the party whose avowed motto is that "*all is fair in politics*."

P. S. The *Salem Gazette*, a federal paper, copies the paragraph from the *Commercial*, and says—

"This assertion of Mr. Davis needs further proof than he adduces—he says an anonymous gentleman informed him that another anonymous gentleman asserted that it was true; but if it be true, it is easy to refer to the record proof on file of the archives of the nation."

From the *Saco Democrat*.

THE REWARD OF TREASON.

"They love the treason but despise the traitor." The truth of this extract is very forcibly illustrated in the manner in which the whigs are disposing of their new friends, the Conservatives, in New York. On the eve of the election—the dear Conservatives—the abased, persecuted, and patriotic Conservatives were called upon to unite with their old opponents against the democratic ticket. The election has resulted in the premature triumph of federalism—through the agency of these traitors and now the whigs are denouncing them, and warning the people to beware of their influence in the Legislature.

The *New York Courier* and *Enquirer* takes up the clarion, and sounds the alarm, and says: "There are among them, (the Conservatives,) leaders whom treachery itself could not trust, and asks, after enumerating all the sins which can be alleged against these *quasi* democrats—Can such men be received into full communion with the whigs. Can we ever forget how much through their agency we have been made to suffer—and how with cold-blooded inhumanity they rejoiced in the misery and wretchedness that surrounded them, because through that

misery and wretchedness they wrought their own destruction?" Excellent! Beautiful!—Sublime! After alluring these poor fellows away from their first love to treat them thus, is kind, and generous indeed.

Again, says the *Courier*: "There is no question that some of the profligate leaders, among a party generally high minded and honorable, have deserted the administration only on the most narrow and selfish inducements."

Here is a compliment where we had little

right to expect any thing but abuse—the Democratic party is conceded to be 'generally high minded and honorable,' by a paper not remarkable in epithets and denunciations, and which has poured more vindictive abuse upon it, than any other in the country. But the *profligate leaders*, have deserted this high minded and honorable party, and are now aspiring to obtain the highest honors of federalism. Is it not a subject for congratulation, that these profligate leaders have deserted, and the party stands

about and say, in contradiction of all their former professions, that 'to the victors belong the spoils,' and accordingly remove opponents and appoint friends to office—or will they attempt to give some evidence of their former integrity by sharing the 'spoils' with their political foes?

There is obviously a difference of opinion among the federalists upon this subject, arising from motives of policy, rather than from meanness or principle, for all the whig leaders would at once cast every democrat from office, if they thought it *profitable*. This is the prevailing feeling—the contest is between feeling and judgment; desire urges, and discretion warns.—Which ultimately triumphs, will depend very much upon circumstances.

The Executive Council will hold the fate of incumbents and expectants in their hands—they can tolerate and they can proscribe, if they can control the clamoring of their friends. The wary old, and the ardent young whigs, will strive for a council to suit the respective notions of each.

If the experienced, sagacious old whigs succeed in the Council, not many removals will be made at present; if the young working members of the party who have fought for a power for a consideration of the 'spoils,' succeed, they will make clean work in proscription, and fill every office worth having with a whig.

In either event, the moment the whigs take the reins of government, from that moment their removals commence, for it puts elements in motion which have no "affinities" for each other.

All the offices have unquestionably been promised over and over again to the swarm of hungry expectants. A whig said the other day that there were at least fifty expectants of every office in the State worth enough to keep soul and body together. This famishing troop will make a noise; some will be appeased, but more will invoke imprecations on the heads of those who made them false promises. With an office in prospect, these men h.ve fought like Musulmen, but once disappointed and cheated, they will not enlist for a second crusade, rely on it.

From the *Eastern Argus*.

THE ELECTIONS IN MAINE AND NEW YORK.

We take it for granted that reasonable men will concede that the democrats lost the last election in this State through the divisions and lukewarmness which existed in the ranks of their party, and that if another election were to take place tomorrow, it would show a very different result.—Such, at any rate, is the fact. Now the contrast between the result of the elections in 1836 and in 1837, in this State, is much stronger than between the same elections in New York—that is, the apparent federal gain was much greater in this State than in New York, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. In 1830, the whole population of Maine was about 400,000—in 1826, the majority for the democratic candidate for Governor was about 10,000, and in 1837 parties were about equal. The population of New York in 1830, was about 2,000,000—in 1836, Gov. Mervy's majority was about 28,000, in 1837, his majority had been in the same ratio to the population as Gov. Durlap's was in Maine, it would have been 60,000—so that to make the apparent change as great as it was in this State, the federalists must have 22,000 majority at the present election.—Now the result of the Maine election created no distrust in the minds of the democratic party here as to their ability to carry the State next year, or at any period when they shall come into the field united—but this fact did not diminish the astonishment with which that democrats had failed to carry the election was known, while the circumstances which served to divest the "federal victory" of all alarming features here, were as a cold book. The same is undoubtedly true of the New York election, which has produced the same feeling here which the Maine election did there—but which is to be attributed to causes so palpably visible to those who were on the spot, that the result can easily be accounted for by them without supposing any considerable change in public opinion against the democratic party or the general measures of the administration.

We have spoken of the apparent federal gain in both States. We have heretofore conclusively proved by dates and figures, and by such unanswerable facts that even the federalists have gained but about FIVE HUNDRED votes in this State since 1834, which is much less than their relative proportion of the gain of population.—We think it much more probable that when the aggregate of the votes cast in New York is ascertained, such will be found to have been the case there. However, we have no doubt that to answer a particular end, and to

make themselves felt in a particular quarter, the whigs, with their principles exemplified, it, many democrats in New York voted the federal

ticket at the distance of joining he fact federal and New

anticipators, of having not the ticket; but v

The question—shall the banks or the people rule?—is one of deep and engrossing interest.

It comes home to the business and bosom of every man in the community, and appeals to the patriotism, and virtue, and intelligence of every citizen.

Upon this decision, rests, we verily believe, the future prosperity and safety of the nation. It is a test question. Let it be ap-

plied.—*Saco Democrat*.

From the *Bangor Republican*.

PROSCRIPTION AND TOLERATION.

The question is often asked—when the federal party take possession of the power in this State, will they carry out their old doctrine of toleration, or will they adopt the policy they have long condemned in others of "proscription for opinion's sake"? Will the federalists turn about and say, in contradiction of all their former professions, that "to the victors belong the spoils," and accordingly remove opponents and appoint friends to office—or will they attempt to give some evidence of their former integrity by sharing the "spoils" with their political foes?

There is obviously a difference of opinion among the federalists upon this subject, arising from motives of policy, rather than from meanness or principle, for all the whig leaders would at once cast every democrat from office, if they thought it *profitable*. This is the prevailing feeling—the contest is between feeling and judgment; desire urges, and discretion warns.—Which ultimately triumphs, will depend very much upon circumstances.

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“A shout that tore hell's concave, and, beyond,
Frighted the realms of Chaos and old Night,”
True, the victory which the whigs have won
in the recent contest in this city, is snatched
and soiled by the foul means they have employed
to obtain it—but let that pass—it is the only
victory they have gained for years—it is
dirty and deformed, but it is the sole fruit of
many successive Olympiads of hard and almost
hopeless struggles. Well may they prize it,
were it merely for its rarity. It is in fact a
kind of curiosity. The witch Sycorax loved
not her only offspring Caliban the less because
he was loathsome and disfigured—half human
and half brute.

But the triumph of the disfranchisers, the
enemies of general liberty, the triumph of those
who distrust and despise the people, cannot
endure long. It avails not for their speakers
to rise at their meetings and cant about the largest
freedom. We know them well; we know
what their party is composed; we know
what measures they support.

All the friends of a latitudinarian construction
of the federal constitution, which cunningly seeks
to steal from the people powers which they
never conceded, belong to the whig party. All
the friends of a national bank, who hold that
the general government may and ought to create
corporations endowed with peculiar and ex-
clusive privileges, belong to the whig party. All
the friends of the impure and dangerous union
of banks and state—the men who hold that the
public funds should be lavished on the banks—
belong to the whig party; they act with the whig
party in this city—they act with it throughout
the state. All the disfranchisers, the men who
seek to limit the political rights of what they
call the lower classes by requiring a property
qualification, or the qualification of American
birth, belong to the whig party.

Is such a party one which can long maintain
the ascendancy?

The successes which have been achieved by
the whig party in the present election, are owing to
the friends of the banks. The mighty influence
of the moneyed corporations has been
suddenly thrown into the whig scale. From
being nominal members of the democratic party,
because it was the party which had the majority,
and because they believed that they might gain
something from it by their intrigues, they have
at once either gone over openly to the whig party,
or secretly operated against the democratic
party. They have done this because
they could no longer manage the democratic
party, and despaired of moulding it to their will.
The BANKING Power, by a mighty exertion,
has revolutionized the state.

Let us give thanks that while we are strug-
gling for the divorce of bank and state, we have
at length seen our party divorced from its fatal
connection with bank influence. Let us take
our motto—**IT IS BETTER TO BE BEATEN
THAN CORRUPTED.**

It now remains for us to seek to give our party
its best organization, and to address ourselves
with courage and hope to the great and never
ending contest for principles.

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ticket at the late election, who will not so vote
at the next election, and who have not the most
distant idea of opposing the administration or of
joining the federal party. This is evident from
the fact that there was a open union with the
federalists before the election, (with the exception
of a handful of men in the 15th ward in New York city,) and that the federalists as little
anticipated their increased vote as did the democrats.
If there had been any considerable number
of real converts to federalism, they would
have shown their hands before election, for effect,
if not nothing else—such, however, was
not the fact—the federalists, to this day, cannot
put their hands on the men who swelled their
vote; they know that they gained somewhere,
but where that gain came from they cannot tell.

The democrats who, to protect certain interests,
voted the federal ticket, did so secretly, because
they had no idea of forming a permanent union
with that party. We have no doubt that the
friends and supporters of the administration con-
stitute a large majority of the voters of New
York at the present moment—and we have no
doubt that the State would, to-morrow, give
twenty thousand majority for Mr Van Buren
or for Gov. Macey, were he a candidate for re-election. Whatever the federalists
claim, we are not willing to admit, nor do
facts warrant the conclusion, that the State of
New York is opposed to the administration.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

From the Evening Post.

“Let those laugh that win,” is a common
saying, but it wants point when applied to the
exultations of the whig party at their recent
victory. Let those laugh who win but once in
half a century, say we. Let those who are
beaten in a hundred games, and are victorious
in only one, kick over tables and break chairs,
in the midst of joy at their single success.
Even the condemned followers of the lost
Archangel in Milton, on the occasion of some
posed advantage, sent up

“A shout that tore hell's concave, and, beyond,

Frighted the realms of Chaos and old Night,”

True, the victory which the whigs have won
in the recent contest in this city, is snatched
and soiled by the foul means they have employed
to obtain it—but let that pass—it is the only
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It now remains for us to seek to give our party
its best organization, and to address ourselves
with courage and hope to the great and never
ending contest for principles.

We extract from the address of the new pro-
prietors of the *Saco Democrat*, the following
just remarks, which we commend to the attention
of our readers, and more particularly to that of
some of our contemporaries:

“Democracy gathers, under its protecting
wing, the interests of the *whole* people. The
protection of one class has usually been the ob-
ject of legislation. Democracy enjoins the pro-
tection of the mercantile, as well as the agricul-
tural and manufacturing interests—but not grant-
ing to the first, those privileges which are justly
the property of the other classes. Has not the
farmer, who cultivates the soil—and the me-
chanic who converts the rude material into ar-

ties of necessity or luxury—thereby adding to
the *real wealth* of the country—have not these
men as much right to demand the particular
assistance of legislation, as the merchant, who is
merely the agent in disposing of the fruits of
their industry? Democracy answers in the
affirmative—but while it would yield to the farmer
and mechanic the protection of their natural
and political rights, it would not strip the mer-
chant of those immunities which are naturally
and politically his.

Neither does the principle of democracy en-
gage an envious spirit between the different
interests, in arraying the poor against the rich,
and exciting the hatred of the rich against the
poor, nor would it wrest from the hand of in-
dustry and frugality, the reward of its honest la-
bor. It would protect every man, in the quiet
possession of his rights, while it would leave
every avenue for the honest acquisition of wealth,
unrestricted and open to the enterprise of all
classes or individuals, is an infraction of the
spirit of justice, and opposed to the conservative
principle of equality. Hence, democracy de-
mands a reform in the banking system, not from
its enmity to banks merely, but because they are
sometimes used by designing speculators to
depreciate the real wealth of the country, and give
an artificial value to that which has no true
basis.”

From the Salem Advertiser.

In 1836 Mr Van Buren in his letter to Sher-
rod Williams, said that “*whichever* is in any
quarter, reason to hope that a charter for a new
Bank can in my opinion of the country, be
obtained from the federal government, there
will be neither order nor stability in the pe-
cuniary operations of the country. If it can be
ascertained that a discredited currency and pe-
cuniary embarrassments will bring a charter,
what security have we that such a state of things
will not be produced? The democracy may rely
on it, that so long as the federalists entertain a
hope to resuscitate their darling institution, to
restore their overthrown Mammon to its pedestal
the country will be filled with lamentations of distress.
The real malady with the federalists is the repeated
expression of the popular voice against these
institution. They can flourish only in times of
panic and pecuniary calamity. In this unpro-
pititious hour they have but too well succeeded
in the State of New York, in their schemes of
panic and deceit. The loul bird screams in the
storm. The Harpies have polluted the Banquet
of Democracy. In another short year the mon-
etary storm will cease. The tables will be
cleansed of their pollution. We shall turn what
now seems danger to delight. Let us go back to
1813. The democracy of N. York then
stood in the relation to the British government
and its co-operators, as they now stand towards
the Banking system. The federalists by their
devices and frauds, by magnifying the distresses
of the country, and servile fears of the community,
gained a triumph in that State, and in the years
1813 and 1814 held the political power
of that assembly and opposed every measure
of that assembly, to the great detriment of the
Senate. Where was Martin Van Buren.
Opposing us he is now their flagitious schemers
and dispelling the gloom which the wickedness
of federalism had created. He wrote an
address to the Republican Electors in which he
said, “*The most potent spell which has been re-
solved to, to alarm your fears, and pervert your
understandings in the alleged distresses of your
country. No falsehood is considered too glaring,
no misrepresentation too flagitious, to impose
on your credulity. Among the most im-
portant charges is enmity to your commerce.*”—
He stands now exactly in the same position to-
wards federalism as he did then, only he is en-
gaged with a worse and more dangerous enemy.
In 1815 the Democracy again triumphed.—
A potent spell of panic and distress ceased, and
the great State of New York returned to the
ranks of Democracy, where she has remained
to this day.

The federal triumph of 1837 will be as short
as was that of 1813. The crippled speculators
and overtraders, the Banks and other servile
dependents, the whole swarm of paper-winged
insects, that have glutted and buzzed in the
winter sunbeam of false credit will disappear.
A wholesome atmosphere of well regulated
credit will succeed, and federalism will then
discover that its schemes of power through
the avenues of the Banking system will be as un-
availing against the administration, as was its
unwieldy alliance with the British in the war of
1812. The real crisis has just arrived. There
are men seemingly few who would wish for no
change in the monetary circulation of the country,
and who would the Banks as they are, and
continue the lease of paper credit for their whole
lives. Some of these are the eager, active politi-
cians of the day. The conduct of the Banks has
received the censure of the people, yet we see the
fomenters and agitators of panic
cavorting for and electing Bank officers to the
Legislature who have defied the laws under the
protection of a charter, which it had been
done by an individual should have subjected
him to punishment and disgrace. The people
will not substitute lucre for patriotism, and fraud
for honesty. We warn them against a certain
set of men who take a position in the demo-
cratic ranks; who under a show of moderation,
or of neutrality, or of compromise, are the
panders or sycophants of the monied power,
and who have a concerted plan of signals with
the enemies of democracy.

The democracy will triumph in this great
and terrible struggle. The warfare will be hot.
Energy, firmness and activity will ensure us the
victory. “Would that my enemy might write a
book!” said the Athenians. “Woo! that the
son of my money may devote himself to intel-
lectual pursuits.” said a vindictive man. It is
Advantages of being ruined.—To be ruined
sounds very terribly; but in truth, like death, the
same thing as wishing him doomed to a life

its pain is most in apprehension. It is positively
nothing when you are used to it; on the contrary, it brings with it peculiar advantages.

The man who is once completely ruined, is
freed from all anxiety concerning the future. He
is, in fact, the only independent man. He
may proceed carelessly along; Fortune has no
arrow in her quiver for him. He may sing before
the robber, and rub his skirts against a
pickpocket without compunction. The inside or
the outside of a prison are all one to him.—
He may eat and drink merrily (when he can)
without the damping anticipation of the bill. If
the nation were over head and ears in debt, he
need not care a button. If every State in the
Union becomes insolvent, and every bank stopped
payment, he would be no loser. Skin-
plasterless, he is richer than Astor with his care-
earned millions; powerless, he is happier than
the despot enthroned upon the liberties of his
country. Such is the man on ruined fortunes,

He whose constitution is ruined is equally
well off. He pays nothing to doctors; he is
placed beyond the efficiency and expense of med-
icine; he may indulge himself in excess of
every kind with impunity—for he can be
worse than he is. He may swallow without
fear, fish, fowl, and flesh, for there is no hope,
he may drink out, if he will, the wide ocean.

Lastly, the man whose reputation is demolished,
may laugh at libels, and set slander at defiance.

Moreover, he may indulge in the utmost
latitude of speech, for nothing that he says can
injure himself or others. He can be no blacker
than he is, and his breath is too light to tully
the fair character of another. His negative
virtue in perfection—to do no harm to your
neighbor or yourself. But the man of no repute
can do more than this: he can be actively
virtuous, for his evil word will be serviceable
to others.

I conclude, then, that to be ruined in fortune
is good, to be ruined in health is good, to be ruined
in reputation is good; but to be ruined in
all three is the summit of human happiness.

What's a name!—According to the Argus
the vast majority of the people of this State are
federalists. Whether they will like the name
or not, we cannot well say. We prefer the
name of Democratic Whig—it sounds fresh and
racy.—*Albany Daily Adv.*

The federalists find to their sorrow that there
is no name capacious enough to cover the un-
popularity of their party. We protest against
allowing them to change their cognomen every
six months, and most emphatically against their
soiling that of democrat by using it to patch up
the holes in their political wardrobes. Let us
stick to old political names—abide by old principles—
call our opponents by their true name,
federalists. The court, if it can find out the
real name of a culprit who comes before it with a
dozen aliases, tries him by it, and disregards
his claim to a new christening—the political
culprits who are now attempting to steal our
good name should be tried and condemned to
the hulks under their old cognomen—let us
know no political distinctions save those of
democrat and federalist, and draw the lines
accordingly.—*Eastern Argus.*

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.
There is much truth mingled with much
severity, in the following characteristic extracts
from *Snelling's Morning News*. The error
complained of, is more prevalent than many are
willing to allow, and deserves to be corrected:

“Every owl thinks its own bird the handsomest,” says the old saw, and a very true one it is. Why a pettifogger, a divine without call or
honor or quack without patients should be
considered higher in the scale of society than
an industrious, honest ploughman or mechanic
we never could guess, but so it is. There are
very few who are satisfied with their own calling
and lot in life, and the instinct which man
shares in common with the brute, prompts him
to try his utmost to place his offspring higher
than himself. Here poor reason fails and suc-
cumbs to the power of instinct, and paternal
love is more injurious to its object than the most
bitter hate. Every parent whose bones have
rightly ached on his return from his daily toil,
wishes to place his son beyond necessity of the
task himself has found so grievous. How fondly
they mistake the essentials of human happiness
and misery! Ab, how much easier it is to
chop and pile two cords of wood in the twelve
hours than to write two pages of matter, or, lar-
easter yet, to observe the diagnostics of the
sick, so often mistaken for physical necessity! How
little do the unthinking world dream of
the unremitting intellectual labor of the profes-
sional man, begun at day break and ending at
sunset or even interrupted by sleep! How few
know that the brain feasts at the author or editor
goes to bed wearied than the wood sawyer! God forbid that a child of ours should
ever depend on his wit for his bread.

Not one in twenty is born genious or even a
man of talent—that is, with a degree of talent
far beyond the rest of his kind. Still, every
man has a superior capacity for some particular
pursuit—the difficulty is in discovering the
direction of the latent power. The world has
placed a false estimate on the rank of occupa-
tions, and we see the unproductive classes in-
creasing far beyond the possibility of getting
honest bread in consequence. There are ten
lawyers to one client, ten physicians to one
patient, ten clergymen to one hearer. When
will stupid industry be honored and stupid
leaving despised as they respectively ought to
be? “Would that my enemy might write a
book!” said the Athenians. “Woo! that the
son of my money may devote himself to intel-
lectual pursuits.”

Administrator's Sale.
A prime assortment of BRASS KETTLES, just
received and for sale by the subscriber, W. E. GOODNOW,
Norway-Village, Oct. 2, 1837.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.
The subscribers hereby give public notice that, the
connection in business heretofore existing between
them, under the firm of Brown & Smith, is this day dis-
solved by mutual consent.

All persons indebted to said firm are requested to
make immediate payment.

TITUS O. BROWN, JR.
MARK P. SMITH.
Norway, Nov. 7, 1837.

Administrator's Sale.
A. F. B. he said Public Vendue at the dwelling house
of the subscriber, in Buckfield, by license from the
Probate Court for the County of Oxford, on Saturday,
the 6th day of December next, at one o'clock P. M.
of the real Estate of Joseph Smith, late of Oxford, in said
County, deceased, will be sold at Public Auction on the
premises in Saturday the eighteenth day of November next,
at one o'clock in the afternoon, will produce the sum
of One Hundred and Eighty Five Dollars, for the payment
of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges.
Said estate consists of a part of the homestead farm
of said deceased. Terms of sale made known at time
of sale. PEREZ T. RECORD, Adm'r.

B

Consumption !

DR. REALFE'S ASTHMATIC PILLS

HAVE, from their extraordinary success in giving instant relief, the late Dr. COLE, of Boston, Difficulties of the Eye, Breathing, Diseases of the Chest, Pain the Side, Sore Throat, Cough, and other Complaints generally, become one of the most popular medicines known, and are sought after from every part of the country, on account of the astonishing success which has attended their administration in the above complaints, frequently giving the most unexpected relief after every other remedy had failed, until persons had given themselves in despair of a cure. They have been known to cure persons supposed to be far gone in consumption, and exhibiting all the appearance of approaching dissolution.

Any and have been the voluntary effects of these Pills, even in hopeless cases, so far to mitigate the sufferings of the patient, as evidently to prolong life for days and weeks, and give it, a positive comfort they never expected to enjoy.

The operation of the pills is wonderful in easing respiration, quieting the cough, and procuring comfort.

Common colds are frequently removed in a few hours.

* * * All long, (says a person, speaking of these pills,) my asthma, difficulty of breathing, &c., are removed, and from the recommendation of Dr. COLE, I have been cured, and find the pills are exceedingly distressing, confirming her to lie in bed for many an' a week together, she finds that nothing gives her relief, except Dr. Realfe's Asthmatic Pills do—easing her respiration, quieting her cough, and giving her comfortable rest." And this is the testimony of hundreds or thousands. The relief which applied, as well as others, experience from the use of these Pills, is astonishing, and renders them invaluable to many, and are in fact, some, an essential auxiliary to their comfort, and almost to their existence.

Please inform the Proprietor, that a gentleman in the country, where he resided, informed him, that a gentleman in the same place, had been cured of consumption, by the use of these Pills.

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